



CREEPY STORIES

Don't Go in the Basement: Inside the
Most Haunted Houses in Existence



Roger P. Mills

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Introduction

There are plenty of people in the world who will live their lives without ever stepping foot in a real haunted house. These fortunate souls can contentedly spend their days without worrying about a malevolent spirit disturbing their sleep. However, not everyone is so lucky...

This book covers houses in Ireland, Germany, Italy, and America. They are each their own unique brand of terrifying. In these homes, people have lived, died, and been reincarnated. Their walls have trapped their former occupants, and condemned them to roam its lonely halls for eternity.

Before you read any further, you should know that these homes were sites of truly demented deeds. The things that go bump in the night are rarely pleasant. You will find no solace or happy endings here...

This book will take you into the lives of those who experienced these houses first hand. These people lived through, and in some cases instigated, unspeakable horrors all within the safety of their own homes.

If you're ready to be terrified and to have nightmares tonight, it's time to begin 'Creepy Stories'...

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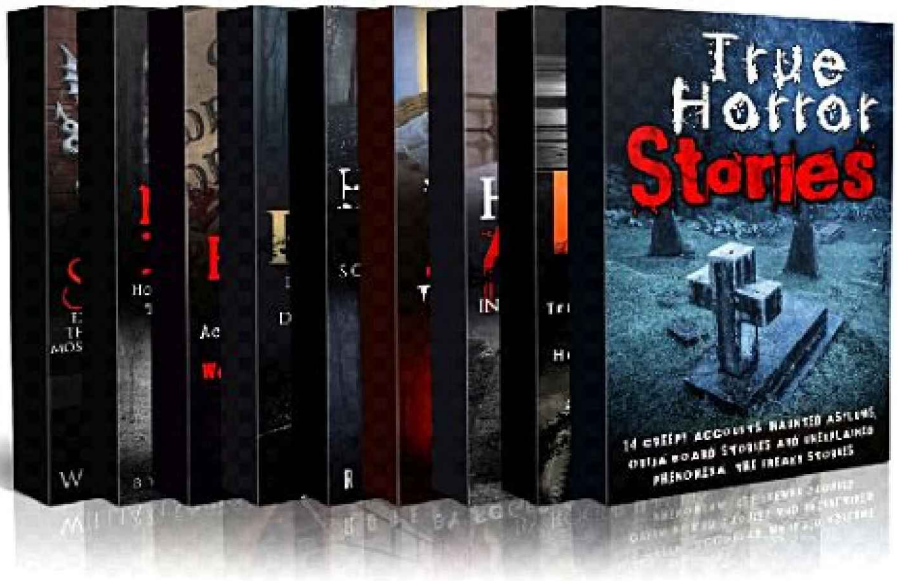
Roger P. Mills

Roger is a non-fiction author that enjoys writing about our worlds conspiracy theories, true paranormal stories and ghost stories. Over the years it has always staggered him as to how many unexplained mysteries there are in history.

A small town in Romania is where Roger likes to call home with his wife and dog. Here he finds the inspiration to write and explore all the unusual happenings of our world.

If you're into unexplained phenomena, the paranormal and conspiracies that have happened in the past and continue to happen, then be sure to check out his books.

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Chapter 1:

Amy Archer's Murder Factory

A small bell above the door jingled as a woman stepped inside the local store. “What’ll it be today, Ms. Archer?” the shopkeeper asked.

“Just some arsenic please, the largest container of it you have will do.” the woman responded.

The shopkeeper turned his back to his customer and as he retrieved the inventory, he called out, “Still having trouble with rats?”

As the woman spoke, her voice was clear and firm, “Like you wouldn’t believe. They are everywhere and no matter how much poison I put down, they keep coming back. Soon enough they’re going to put me out of business and then all I’ll have is a large, rat infested home. I’m hoping this will finally do the trick.”

“Well this is the strongest stuff I’ve got and if it’s not enough, you can always come back for more.” The shopkeeper smiled warmly at Ms. Archer as he placed the sizable box of arsenic on the counter. She opened her purse and rummaged around for the correct change. The purchase complete, the shopkeeper watched Ms. Archer as she walked to the door.

He wondered at the seriousness of her rat problem. For months on end she had been coming to his shop and buying enough arsenic to kill hundreds if not thousands of rats. “Hmm,” he said to himself, “must not be any ordinary rats.” The bell tinkled once more, signaling that another customer required his assistance. Instantly, all thoughts of Ms. Archer and her rats left his mind...

Death is a natural part of life. It’s inevitable that you and everyone you know will one day be buried six feet underground. The end of one’s life is meant to be a peaceful experience. Freed from the constraints and

demands of a nine to five job, many people use their final years of life to explore their hobbies and passions that they didn't have time to do when they were younger.

For those without family members able to look after them, they are often sent to a home where they can be looked after by someone twenty-four hours a day.

In 1901, Amy Archer along with her husband and daughter moved into John Seymour's home. John Seymour was an elderly man who was a widower and needed someone to look after him and his house. The small Archer family and John Seymour lived together peacefully for three years until John passed away from old age.

John had left his house to his remaining living heirs who decided that they would let the Archers continue to live in the home and care for local senior citizens. For three years, the Archers learned the ins and outs of running a home for the elderly. They learned how to ensure that their clients enjoyed their final years on earth. Eventually, the Seymour family decided they didn't want to keep the home and opted to sell it.

The Archers' next move was to buy a house of their own where they could operate the 'Archer Home for the Elderly and Infirm'. Amy and her husband, James, ran the home together until he died in 1910 from Bright's disease. Before his death, Amy had taken out an insurance policy on James which gave her enough money to keep the home open after his death.

By this time, Amy had become a well-known and respected member of the local community. She was active in the church and even donated a stained-glass window. People knew that when their relatives got older, they would be well taken care of by Amy Archer. However, a room in the Archer house came at a high price. The client could either pay a large lump sum or, if they didn't have money offhand, they could pay on a week to week basis. Either way, the Archers were guaranteed to have financial security.

Three years after James's death, Amy remarried a man named

Michael Gilligan. Michael, like Amy, had been married once before and already had four children of his own. Amy and Michael crossed paths as he was a wealthy man who was considering investing in the Archer Home. He had taken notice of how well liked and respected Amy was and saw potential to expand his fortune.

The couple only had three short months together before Michael died from what the coroner's report called "severe indigestion". Fortunately for Amy, her second late husband had left the entirety of his estate which was enough money to ensure that Amy would have everything she needed, and then some, for the foreseeable future.

Despite the sudden death of Michael, things ran smoothly for Amy in the Archer Home for the Elderly. She always had people seeking her services and never faced financial peril. Her clients were generally amenable and their family members who knew Amy, found her more than competent to care for their loved one.

As with any home designed for people to spend the final years of their life, Amy had to deal with her fair share of death. Between 1907 and 1910 when James died, twelve people had died under Amy's care. These deaths were often written off as being the result of old age or the immune system finally shutting down. Nobody thought too much of this rather high number and though the families mourned the loss of their relative, they never questioned that Amy Archer had done everything she could to look after them.

That is until one late spring morning in 1914...

Franklin R. Andrews was one of the younger and more active tenants of the Archer Home. He was sixty-two years old, but still retained all the vigor and energy he possessed in his younger years. He was far from an invalid and spent as much time outside as he could. On the morning of May 29th, Franklin woke up to soft sunlight streaming in through the thin curtains in his room. It warmed his face and he hurriedly got dressed.

Franklin stepped outside and took a deep breath of the fresh spring air. It was a perfect day. To the casual observer, Franklin was the picture

of happiness. His eyes glittered as they danced amongst the garden's bright flowers. He would periodically kneel to remove a pesky weed and to make sure that each plant was getting the sunlight and water that it needed to flourish. Just by looking at him, on that bright spring day, no one would have suspected that Franklin R. Andrews would be dead before the next day's dinner...

Seemingly out of the blue, Franklin fell fatally ill and though Franklin didn't know it, this would be the last morning he would ever have with his beloved flowers. His otherwise healthy disposition rapidly deteriorated and left his family wondering what could have possibly killed their relative that they all expected to live for many years to come.

As was customary when a resident of the Archer House passed away, Amy contacted the nearest living relatives who came to retrieve the deceased's belongings. In Franklin's case, his siblings were the ones who showed up to clear out his room so that Amy could open it up for another client.

The shock of their dear brother's death had shaken the Andrews family to its core. No matter how many times they tried to understand what happened to Franklin, they were left feeling as though they were part of a particularly bad dream. They hoped they would wake up and their brother would be there, same as always, and they would all sit in the garden and laugh about how much a dream had scared them.

Unfortunately for the Andrews, things weren't going to get better. In fact, they were about to get much worse...

Upon searching through their brother's things, Franklin's siblings stumbled upon a series of letters that had been written between himself and Amy Archer. In the letters, Amy tried to manipulate a large sum of money from Franklin. Franklin's sister, Nellie, was particularly unsettled by the letter and found it extremely odd that the woman they had entrusted to care for their brother wanted him to give her more money for no logical reason.

Nellie took the letter to the district attorney's office where she

implored him to open an investigation into the Archer Home. Almost immediately, Nellie was written off as a hysterical woman, unable to properly grieve her brother's death. However, Nellie was not to be so easily discouraged. She knew that in the relatively short time period that the Archer Home had been open, it had a rather high mortality rate.

Every bone in Nellie's body was telling her that something wasn't right about how her brother had died and that Amy Archer had something to do with his death. She refused to simply let it go and thought that if the law wouldn't listen, then maybe the press would.

The local newspaper was enthralled by Nellie's tale. They couldn't be positive that the story was true, but it would certainly sell. The very next morning, the paper ran the story with the headline 'Murder Factory'.

In the article, it detailed how Amy Archer had manipulated old and infirm individuals to give her their money and once she had gotten every penny out of them that she could, she killed them. The sensational nature of the article forced the police to open an investigation into what was happening in Amy Archer's home.

They combed through patient records and tracked down the families of those who had died under Amy's care. Local shop owners came forward and claimed that Amy had frequently bought large amounts of arsenic which she said she used to get rid of the large number of rats in her house. The police had amassed a considerable amount of evidence against Amy Archer. However, the final nail in Amy's coffin came from her victims.

The bodies of Michael Gilligan, Franklin Andrews and three other people who had died in the Archer Home were exhumed. The police had the rotting, decayed bodies tested for traces of arsenic. Significant amounts of arsenic were found in all the bodies, so much that it was determined they had all died from arsenic poisoning.

For her crimes, Amy spent many years in prison before being declared mentally insane and was transferred to a mental facility where she would spend her final days on earth.

Despite the horrors and the evil that occurred in the Archer Home for the Elderly and Infirm, the building is still standing. It remains unknown exactly how many of her clients Amy Archer murdered in cold blood.

The site of Amy's horrific crimes has since been converted into an apartment building, but many locals believe that the evil energy of Amy Archer lingers on...

Chapter 2:

Violence and Heartbreak in Malahide Castle

The wind howled through Malahide Castle's grounds, picking up freshly fallen snow and making it twirl in a dizzying dance. A small man, only about four feet tall, held his head down against the bitter cold and scurried across the grounds. The cold was the last thing on his mind.

In his normal state of mind, the wind would have cut him to the bone. He wouldn't have even thought about stepping outside. But things were changing at Malahide and he craved the extreme chill, hoping it would help clear his mind. He needed to get his thoughts in order before he spoke to the Talbots. As his employer and the owners of Malahide Castle, his fate ultimately rested in their hands.

"All right, focus!" he muttered to himself. He searched the recesses of his brain for the first moment he saw her. He'd been sitting in his room at the top of the tower when he saw the caravan arrive. King Henry VIII had captured a dangerous woman trying to encourage the Irish to rebel against the crown. As loyal and trusted subjects to the king in Ireland, he had the prisoner sent to the Talbots' home, Malahide Castle.

From his room, he couldn't quite make out any distinctive features but something about her immediately charmed him. She exuded grace and power and couldn't have been more different from the prisoners he usually encountered.

"Puck!" someone yelled through his closed door, bringing him to attention. "Come on out! We've got a new one for you!"

Known simply as Puck, the Malahide Castle jester was very good at his job. Whenever he was called, he always came right away. His small room in one of the castle's towers was kept impeccably clean and he

never caused any trouble with the other people working in the castle. If he wasn't expected to perform for the castle's occupants, he could almost always be found contentedly spending time by himself.

He scrambled across the room and reported to the man in charge of moving the prisoners. This part of the tower was particularly gloomy. Small cells lined the walls and there was very little natural light that filtered in.

The shadows from the fire flickered across the guard's face. "This is Lady Fitzgerald," the guard said and motioned to a figure behind him. Someone pushed her forward into the light. "The Talbots have asked me to tell you that you are to keep a close eye on her. If she gets out she is a dangerous threat to the crown."

"Yes sir." Puck responded.

The men who brought Lady Fitzgerald pushed her into an empty cell and Puck locked the door...

A strong burst of wind nearly pushed Puck over into the snow and instantly brought him back to the present. He was wearing his jester's costume which offered very little warmth on such a cold winter night. 'That was the beginning,' he thought to himself, 'or at least that was the beginning as I remembered it.' The following days and weeks were a blur. Every day he would report to the Talbots to be assigned his tasks for the day and everyday he was sent back to the tower to watch the mysterious female prisoner.

Puck tried to remember who had spoken first. Every moment he had spent with her felt like a hazy dream and he struggled to cobble together bits of coherent memory. At any moment, the Talbots would wish to speak with him about what had happened but how could Puck speak truthfully if even *he* wasn't sure what had happened.

He remembered that he started to think that Lady Fitzgerald couldn't be as dangerous as the king thought. He found her to be truly delightful. She was warm and kind and even though she was a prisoner, Puck

enjoyed the hours he spent guarding her. But just because he thought she wasn't a hardened criminal didn't mean he was in love with her. Did it?

Puck shook his head and tried to rattle the idea out of his brain. He wasn't stupid. He'd noticed when the other guards began to talk about how he was the most watchful guard they'd ever seen. He couldn't help it that he took his job seriously and wanted to serve the Talbot family in any way he could.

He wasn't sure when silly gossip gave way to vicious rumors that he had developed feelings for an enemy of the state. Regardless, the Talbots knew and rumors could get you killed.

Something moved in the corner of Puck's eye. He paused and looked all around him. The castle was dead quiet and all he could hear was the sound of the raging wind. He shivered and continued his walk.

Suddenly, someone ran up behind Puck and held him tightly to their chest. A gruff voice whispered in his ear, "Puck, you must die."

"If I must die, let it be known that I will haunt this castle and everyone in it." With that, the man stabbed Puck and left his body in the cold.

To this day, Puck has kept his promise. In the 19th century, a member of the navy was invited to Malahide for a dinner party. As the soldier approached the castle, a very short man in a jester's costume stopped him from going any further.

The small man began to pester the soldier. The soldier grew angry that this man thought he could speak to him in such a disrespectful way. He lunged at the jester, but at the moment when his hand should've hit the jester it was instead met with empty air...

Even modern day visitors to Malahide have spotted Puck. He rarely appears in a full body apparition as he did to the soldier but he is often seen lurking in the background of photographs.

Though Puck is one of the more active spirits of Malahide Castle, he

is certainly not the only one. There is another spirit with a broken heart who continues to haunt Malahide's lonely halls.

Walter Hussey was a young soldier who was briefly stationed in Malahide village. During his time there, Walter fell in love with a beautiful local girl. His family was overjoyed that he had finally found someone he wanted to marry.

As Walter couldn't leave Malahide, his father petitioned the Talbots to let him get married in their castle. Since Walter and his father were both lords, the Talbots readily agreed. As Walter prepared for his wedding, some enemy soldiers ambushed him and struck him dead. Today, it seems as though the ghost of Walter Hussey has never recovered from being murdered on his wedding day. His spirit has been spotted in Malahide castle with the horrific wounds that would be his undoing.

A former Chief Justice and his wife Maud Plunkett have also been seen in Malahide. The Chief Justice was Maud's third husband and many believe that Maud was a rather possessive wife. She was known to fall into fits of jealous rage that would end with her chasing her husband through Malahide. When they are spotted, the Chief Justice and Maud are seen engaging in a major argument that concludes with the Chief Justice running away.

The most startling spirit of Malahide is a man named Miles Corbet. When Cromwell's force took over Great Britain, any families in Ireland who had been given castles by the king were evicted and Cromwell placed one of his followers in them instead. To show his appreciation for Corbet's loyalty, Cromwell gave him Malahide Castle.

From the very beginning, Miles was not well liked by the locals. He was firmly against Catholicism and went so far as to stage an attack on Malahide's Abbey. The locals, whose families had lived in the area for centuries, were furious that this man showed a complete lack of respect for their religion. He was absolutely despised by the locals.

When Cromwell lost power and the monarchy was restored, those

who had been loyal to Cromwell and advocated that King Charles I should be killed, were subject to punishment. Though he tried to escape by fleeing Ireland, he was eventually captured and returned to Malahide. Here Corbet met his fate.

For the crime of high treason, Miles Corbet was hanged, drawn, and quartered. At the time of his death, Miles Corbet was practically unrecognizable. Today, Corbet has a reputation for being one of the most disturbing spirits in Malahide. His brutal behavior when he was alive and his gruesome death have made his spirit restless...

Whenever he is spotted, he pauses for a moment and looks at whichever unfortunate soul has stumbled across his path. His cool gaze takes in the person who stands before him, but before there is a chance to scream, his ghostly form is violently ripped apart and scatters on the floor.

For crossing a king, Miles Corbet has been condemned to spend eternity repeating his horrific execution...

Chapter 3:

House for the Dead

It was a clear night. The moon and stars illuminated the slick black surface of the road. An old car tumbled through the night, overpowering the melodic hum of the crickets. Inside the car, two men sat in peaceful silence, each fully engrossed in his own thoughts. For at least an hour, neither of them had said a word as they drove through the Vermont night.

Suddenly, an odd sound yanked both of them out of their private reveries. The car let out a pathetic noise and slowly sputtered to a stop. The men looked at each other. “What now?” one of the men asked.

“Now we figure out what’s wrong, hope it’s not serious and that we can be on our way again within an hour.” The other replied as he opened his door and stepped out into the night air.

From the cool light given off by the stars, the man could make out the outline of a large house nestled just off the road. The house was completely dark and the man decided there was no reason waking the house’s occupants up if they could fix the car on their own. “Can you hand me the flashlight that’s in the trunk?” he asked.

The other man retrieved the light and left the trunk open. “All right, you hold the light and I’ll check under the hood to see what’s wrong.” As the two men struggled and assessed the damage, a warm glow suddenly illuminated the darkness. The two men turned to see where the light was coming from and saw that someone had turned a light on in the house.

“Well I don’t know about you,” said the man holding the light, “but it doesn’t seem like this plan is working out too well. Maybe we should see if whoever turned the light on can help us and if not, maybe they have a phone we can use.”

“Yeah, all right.” said the other man, as he wiped the grease off his hands on his blue jeans. The two men quickly cut across the home’s front yard. Neither of them would say, but they both felt as though something wasn’t quite right about the house and that it would be in their best interest to spend as little time here as possible...

One of the men raised his hand to knock on the great wooden door. His fist thudded against the dense wood as they waited for someone to come downstairs and answer the door. The seconds slipped by into minutes and still no one came to the door. The man who knocked stepped back away from the door and looked up at the window they had seen the light in. Where there was once a cheerful glow, a sign that the men weren’t completely alone had been replaced with complete and utter darkness.

“Huh,” the man muttered to himself, “They must’ve gone back to sleep.”

“What do you see?” his friend asked as he joined him in the yard, “Oh, that’s strange. Well, I suppose we’re on our own. We better get back to it so we don’t have to spend the night here.”

Side by side, the men rushed back to the car. They picked up where they left off and prayed that the car would be up and running sooner rather than later. As the men were finishing up fixing the car, they heard someone breathing heavily over their shoulders. “Hey man,” said the man working on the car, “do you think you could stop breathing so loud? It’s distracting.”

“That’s not me.” the other man replied, “I thought that was you.” They both decided to shrug it off and assume that the other had merely been playing a joke on them. Suddenly, they heard the car’s trunk being violently slammed shut.

“What the hell was that?”

“Damned if I know.”

The men wearily walked around to the back of the car. Someone, or

something, had closed the trunk that they had intentionally left open. As the men stood near the back of the car, all the car doors were flung open and yanked shut again. But before the men could even think, the same mysterious force slammed the hood of the car shut.

The two men looked at each other in disbelief.

“Let’s get the hell out of here.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice.”

The men climbed into the car and raced off into the night, eager to get as far away as possible from the mysterious house. For the rest of their drive, the men did everything they could to put the disturbing encounter out of their minds; but, no matter how hard they tried, it kept slipping back into their thoughts. Who had turned the light on? Why did they ignore the men when they knocked on the door? And most importantly, who or what was messing with the car doors?

It would be some time before the men got even close to the answer. Little did they know that the answer would torment them even more than the questions.

This is the story of the Bowman House...

When Ella Bowman fell ill, her parents immediately feared the worst. John and Jennie Bowman had already lost a daughter when she was still an infant and they were terrified at the prospect of losing another. In the nineteen years Ella had spent on earth, her father had grown especially fond of her. He was proud of her beauty and wit and thought her to be truly marvelous. Jennie also cared immensely for Ella, but John and Ella had a special bond just between the two of them.

As the days went by the sickness progressed, John and Jennie sat by Ella’s bedside and watched as all the signs of youthful vitality were drained from their daughter’s disposition. They were helpless as the doctors tried everything they could think of to cure Ella Bowman, but to no avail. When the fateful day came finally came, John and Jennie were utterly devastated.

All the pain they had felt with their firstborn resurfaced and was magnified tenfold. It weighed dark and heavy on their minds, possessed their every thought, and initiated a painful period of profound grief. In the end, the pain of losing both her children was too much for Jennie and she passed away within a year...

Suddenly, John found himself completely and utterly alone. When Jennie was alive, there was someone to share his grief with but now the three people that meant more to him than anything else in the world were taken from him. As John fell deeper and deeper into his grief, he looked for anything that would alleviate the pain.

His immediate solution was to create a place where he could visit his family while also honoring their memory. Thus, John commissioned an extravagant mausoleum be built in his family's honor. The mausoleum included a life-sized statue of John walking into the tomb with a wreath, a life-sized statue of what his first daughter would have looked like, and busts of Ella and Jennie.

Once finished, all three bodies were moved from their original resting place to the mausoleum. However, the gloriousness of the mausoleum did little to soothe his grief. He then poured over countless books, seeking ways to heal the heavy pain that had descended upon his soul.

It was during a particularly frantic study of books that John came across the theory of reincarnation. At the time, the occult had gained mainstream popularity. Séances and ghosts were no longer confined to the fringes of society and instead became ideas embraced by the middle and upper class. The more John read about the occult and reincarnation, the more he was convinced that one day he, his wife, and two daughters would be reunited.

He threw himself into designing a home where he, Jennie, Ella, and their eldest daughter would be able spend eternity. Just as no expense was spared on the elaborate mausoleum, everything in the home was of the finest and highest quality.

John was able to spend the last ten years of his life in the beautiful home and even though he knew that his time on earth was ending, he believed that he would be back soon enough.

Just before he died, John had a fund set aside that was to only be used to maintain the house and keep it in the exact shape he left it in. A caretaker was hired who would make sure all the rooms were kept clean, the clocks were properly wound, there was a fire in the fireplace, and that the table always be set for dinner in case the Bowmans wanted to have a meal together.

Eventually, the money ran out and the house could no longer be maintained to John's specifications. Many people familiar with the Bowman house believe that most of the house's strange occurrences began when the Bowman's furniture was sold and the house was opened for people to rent for the summer months.

One summer, William Snow was charmed by the grand old home and decided it was the perfect place to spend the summer with his wife and daughter. The Snow family was immediately enchanted by the house. Even though it no longer looked as it did when John owned it, the care and love he put into the house was still apparent. Unfortunately, as soon as the sun went down the Snow family was less than pleased with their accommodations...

Mrs. Snow would periodically wake up in the middle of the night to see the ghostly figure of Mrs. Bowman standing at the foot of her bed. As soon as she would open her mouth to scream, Mrs. Bowman would vanish into thin air. Mildred, William's daughter, got about as much sleep as her mother did. All night long strange, terrifying sounds would reverberate around her room, making it impossible for her to get a full night's sleep.

What's more is that Mrs. Snow and Mildred would often hear the distinct sounds of a baby crying. A baby never lived in the Bowman house, but could it be that John and Jennie's first daughter was finally reunited with her family?

To this day, the Bowman house and mausoleum remains a spot of intrigue. People often see candles flickering in upstairs windows and vague shadowy figures move behind the thin curtains. Occasionally, the police have been called to the house as neighbors thought someone had broken in. Every time the police showed up to investigate, there was never any trace that anyone had been inside.

In recent years, it has been turned into a bookstore that specializes in texts on, ironically, haunted houses, and a museum. The home's current owners take great care to make sure that they and any visitors to the house are off the property by nightfall.

Every evening, as soon as the home's living owners lock the front doors, the Bowman family returns to their beautiful home...

Chapter 4:

The Lost and Angry Ghosts of Föhlingen

When Eduard von Oppenheim commissioned the construction of a lavish mansion and stables with the intention of opening a riding school outside the German village of Föhlingen, he couldn't have predicted the horror and sorrow that would occur in his beautiful home.

Unfortunately, Eduard didn't have much time in his magnificent home as the land wasn't suitable for horses. This left an extensive compound completely abandoned.

During World War II, the Nazis ended up taking over the grounds and used it as a place to contain forced laborers. One of the young men who was a laborer on the property fell in love with one of the local girls in the village. Though the boy had never interacted with the girl as laborers were not allowed to talk to other people, the girl's father soon caught onto the boy's feelings.

The man was furious that a laborer had dared to fall in love with his daughter and vowed to do everything in his power to keep him far away from his beloved daughter. He decided to tell the Gestapo about his suspicions and let them handle it as they saw fit. The Gestapo were quick and brutal with their punishment of the boy. He was denied the ability to defend himself and was deemed guilty as soon as the Gestapo spoke with the girl's father.

The young man was separated from the rest of the laborers and hanged as an example of what happened when a laborer forgot the strict rules imposed upon him.

Today, the lonely figure of the young man remains on the property where he was killed. Some believe that he is looking for the girl he loved

while others think he wants to take revenge on the men who executed him.

After the war, a powerful Nazi judge moved into the mansion. There was a massive movement to find and capture anyone who had played a key role in making the Nazi party as powerful as it was. The judge knew that if he was caught, he would surely be tried for war crimes and most likely executed.

The judge decided to discreetly buy and move into the old home under a false name. The house was isolated and he assumed that if he kept to himself, the villagers would never suspect him of being a Nazi official. However, word soon got out that the man living in the old labor camp was once a Nazi. The villagers were furious that a Nazi had tried to hide amongst them and were intent on turning him over to the proper authorities.

When the judge heard the news that his identity had been uncovered, he panicked. There was no doubt in his mind that he would be convicted for what he did during the war and he didn't want to surrender to the enemy. A small part of him may have even hoped that one day the Nazi party would rise again and he would help them regain control of Germany.

The judge raced to the second floor where he hanged himself from the rafters. Ever since then, a full body apparition of the judge hanging from the ceiling has been spotted and in the exact spot where he died, people are overcome with the pungent odor of decay...

Since the Nazi judge's suicide, the house has been left to decay. Nature has begun reclaiming the structure and it seems unlikely that someone will have the time and the effort to restore the home. This has made it a popular destination for teenagers looking for a cheap thrill.

However, with the spirit of the heartbroken young man killed in the prime of his life and the ghost of a vengeful Nazi judge, many of these uninvited visitors get more than what they bargained for...

Chapter 5:

The Spirits of South Vermont College

It was an exceptionally dark night. A South Vermont College security guard pulled up to the large building he oversaw for the next twelve hours. Before stepping through the great door, the guard paused a moment to make sure his uniform was in order. When everything met his standards, he stepped through the door and into a dimly lit hall.

“How you doing tonight, pal?” a man behind a desk asks the guard.

“I’m doing alright, how about yourself?” the security guard responds. “Anything I should know about before I take over?” He always enjoyed this small formality of his evenings. Sometimes the guard he was relieving would have a wild story about a kid getting too far in over his head and the two of them would share a look of camaraderie, thankful that they were both well past that age.

“Nope, it’s been quiet as all get out. Must be that time of year when no one has time to party and everyone holes up and studies.” The security guard chuckled as the guard behind the desk grabbed his things and began to head out for the night.

“Well, have a good night.” The man said, before stepping across the threshold and into the darkness. The security guard gave his coworker a curt nod before settling in for the night.

The night shift could easily go one of two ways. Either it would be dead quiet and as the hours drifted by, the guard would struggle to keep his eyes open. Or, one of the students would do something incredibly stupid and he’d have to help the student while also placating the inevitable crowd of onlookers.

He hoped tonight would be quiet, giving him a chance catch up on

the book he'd been reading. As he opened his book, he heard the soft click of a door being closed. He decided not to think too much of it. If it was a student, he didn't care as long as they didn't cause a riot. Furthermore, the building was drafty and a breeze could have easily shut one of the doors.

As the hours slowly crept by, the security guard felt his eyes get heavier and his mind wander. It was at that point in the evening when staying awake felt nearly impossible.

Abruptly, the guard leapt out of his chair and shook his arms. He brought his hands to his face and hit his cheeks a few times before taking a deep breath. That usually did the trick and kept awake for at least another half hour.

The guard checked his watch and sighed when he realized how long it was before he could go home to his warm and cozy bed. Just as the guard was settling back into his chair, he heard something odd emanate from the depths of the building. It instantly unsettled him and affected him to his core...

The sound was unlike anything he had heard while on duty before. He was used to the noises associated with parties, students sneaking in and out of rooms, and all other types of typical college sounds. However, no matter how hard he tried to place it, he had no clue what the noise was coming from.

Worried that something may be terribly wrong, the security guard decided to call the administrative offices and get some more people in the building before investigating where the sound was coming from. A small group of people rushed over and the tiny party carefully, slowly, quietly crept through the old building.

As the sound got louder, the security guard tried to go over in his head what he had been trained to do if there was an intruder but his mind was completely blank. "It's in here." someone said. The security guard looked up and saw they were standing outside of an unassuming office on the third floor. Everyone turned to look at him and it took him a moment

to realize that they all expected him to be the one to open the door.

The security guard did his best to swallow his fear and gripped the cool doorknob. He picked through his extensive key collection before he found the one that would unlock the door.

“Everyone stand back.” the guard said. He took one final breath and tried to prepare himself for whatever awaited him in the office. He turned the knob and pushed on the door. It only moved a couple of centimeters. The guard turned to the group and said, “There’s something blocking it, I need everyone to help me shove the door open.”

With everyone working together, they could force the door open and they all tumbled into the room. It was totally silent. Nothing appeared out of the ordinary, and a search of the small room for any intruders showed no sign that anyone or anything had been in the office just minutes ago. The security guard turned to look at what had been blocking the door and saw that someone had shoved a large, heavy desk in front of the door frame.

‘That’s odd.’ the security guard thought, ‘these offices only lock from the outside and yet someone was able to move the desk. But why blockade the door if it’s already locked? And what made that weird sound?’ Unfortunately, the answers to these questions would inevitably lead to even more questions.

Though the building was operating as a college at the time of this odd encounter, it was originally designed as part of the sprawling Everett estate...

Edward Hamlin Everett was a smart man. He had established himself as one of the wealthiest men in America by running a glass bottle empire. From a relatively young age, Edward had established himself as the ‘Bottle King’. He was the primary manufacturer of glass bottles in America, not to mention the fact that he had designed the metal top that can still be found atop beverages on glass bottles. His business savvy and ability to stay ahead of the competition extended to his personal life also.

The wealthy bachelor finally settled down with a woman named Amy King whose family ran a large glass factory in Newark, New Jersey. A factory that Edward bought just before the couple was formally wed.

Edward and Amy had a happy marriage and ended up having three daughters together. However, as good as his private and public life were, Edward wasn't a man to be content with what he had. He was always looking for more.

This pursuit led Edward to purchase five hundred acres in the town where he had spent his younger years. On the property, Edward commissioned the construction of a house that would be the most magnificent residence in the local area. At this point in his life, Edward had quite a few homes across America with a chateau in Switzerland, and every single one was truly impressive. This one was to be no different.

Not long after moving into the home, Amy passed away. There is a lot of ambiguity and speculation surrounding her death which has led many to believe she is the presence that continues to reside in the mansion. Though her death report says she died after battling a serious illness, rumors persist that she drowned either by suicide or was murdered.

Regardless, the tragedy of Amy's death was the beginning of the Everett family's misfortune...

Ten years after Amy's death, Edward remarried a woman named Grace Burnap. By this point, his two eldest daughters had already moved out of the house and were living their own lives, while the youngest would soon be old enough to leave.

The three girls were fiercely loyal to their late mother and were disgusted that their father had even considered getting married again. Not to mention the fact that Grace wasn't too much older than Edward's eldest daughter.

Tensions between Edward's first three daughters, his new wife and the two children he had with her were inevitably strained. Once Edward

died, it was discovered that Edward had left almost the entirety of his estate to Grace. His oldest daughters were furious. They were convinced that their father had been manipulated by Grace to reduce their claim to his fortune.

The girls contested the will in court, claiming that their father wasn't of sound mind when he wrote his will and that Grace had taken advantage of him. The court agreed with the daughters and gave them each roughly a third of their father's estate while whatever remained went to Grace and her children.

It is believed that the mysterious nature of Amy Everett's death and the animosity over who would inherit Edward's estate has kept Amy trapped in this world. A figure wearing a simple white dress is often seen floating around the building and grounds.

Her spirit continues to haunt the estate and frighten anyone who sets foot on the Edward Everett Estate...

Chapter 6:

The Monstrous Henri Landru

Henri Landru was not like other boys. From the outside, a passing stranger wouldn't be able to notice any discernible difference between young Henri and his peers. His parents adored him and his older sister. Even though he grew up poor, his mother and father did everything they could to make their children's lives as happy as possible.

Unfortunately, no amount of parental love and care would repair the part of Henri that was horribly wrong...

When Henri started school, he was one of the best students in his class. He was extremely bright and found his schoolwork easy and unfulfilling. He felt there was something inside of him that set him apart from the other children. Something that wasn't satisfied with reading books and reciting lines.

After school, Henri was drafted into the French Army where he became a sergeant. Upon being discharged, he began a romantic relationship with his cousin who he ended up marrying and having four children with. There are few records of what the relationship between Henri and his cousin, Remy was like. However, most people agree that it was not a happy marriage and left both parties unfulfilled.

It is believed that this boredom with his surroundings is what led him to commit his first crime. One day, Henri set his sights on the first victim of his conniving ways. Who this person was has been lost in time. However, this person played a crucial part in the path Henri's life would eventually take.

It is unknown what Henri took and how he did it, but the fact remains that Henri was caught and thrown in prison for his first theft. Instead of

placating Henri's criminal desires, this first experimentation in illicit activity thrilled Henri. From that moment forward, he knew that this was who he was at his core.

Upon hearing the news that their only son had been imprisoned for theft, Henri's parents were utterly distraught. They couldn't understand what had pushed him to do something so out of line with the morals he had been raised with.

They spent hours questioning themselves about where they had gone wrong and what they could have done differently. Mr. and Mrs. Landru carried the blame for Henri's crimes on their shoulders and saw his mistake as an indication of their failure as parents.

Tragically, the news of Henri's crime would irreparably destroy his family. Mr. Landru was so distraught that his son was now a criminal that he ended up killing himself. One would logically assume that a parent's suicide would be a cruel wake up call to one's moral failings. However, Henri Landru was incapable of having a humane reaction to his father's death.

He spent much of his young adult life committing similar crimes and was frequently in and out of prison. At the time, no one knew that theft was an extremely mild beginning to Henri Landru's criminal career.

At the behest of his wife, Henri found a job at a used furniture shop in Paris. The work was mindless but it allowed Henri to meet Paris's wealthy widows. It was here that Henri Landru crafted a truly devious plot...

One morning, Henri took out an ad in the lonely heart section of a local newspaper. People who posted in this section were often looking for companionship of some kind and it was a way of meeting people in a large city who were in different social circles. It was an extremely popular feature that many people regularly read.

Henri knew that many of the widows in Paris would be approaching middle age and would be concerned that they would never find another

husband. Thus, Henri crafted a persona for himself that he thought would be irresistible to the women he wanted to attract. He claimed to be a widower who wanted to get married again. He said he was financially secure and wanted to meet someone who was also comfortable financially.

At the time, Henri was still married to his cousin but this fact was conveniently excluded in his ads.

It didn't take long before women began responding to the mysterious widower looking for love. He did not include his name in the paper as he decided to introduce himself to each woman with a different name. To maintain a believable charade, Henri kept a small notebook where he scrupulously recorded which name he used with which widow. This would ultimately be his undoing...

One of the first women he met was Madame Jeanne Cuchet. Jeanne was immediately infatuated with Henri. She found him to be the most charming man she had ever met and she quickly began fantasizing about their future. Henri even took the time to bond with Jeanne's son, André.

A man who she was interested in and who her son adored was almost too good to be true so when he asked her to move into his home in a neighborhood just outside Paris, she eagerly agreed.

During their courtship, Henri was able to convince Jeanne that she should let him take care of her money. Shortly after Jeanne signed her funds away to Henri, she and André vanished. For six years, Henri would target vulnerable women and ask them to move in with him.

Occasionally he went so far as to make the women think they were husband and wife. The relationship would abruptly end for no discernible reason once the woman placed Henri in charge of her money.

Things were working out well for Henri Landru. He had developed a scheme that gave him a constant flow of income and he had meticulously covered his tracks so that no one would be able to link him to the women's disappearances. That is until the sisters of widows Henri

seduced became concerned for their relatives' wellbeing.

Madame Pelat and Mademoiselle Lacoste had both spent weeks trying to track their sisters down. They had written letters and nobody else seemed to have any idea where their sisters had gone. It was as if they had just vanished into thin air. These women didn't know Henri's real name but they knew where he had been allegedly living with their sisters and they had a clear idea of what he looked like.

The women contacted the police and told them they were worried that the man their sisters had started a relationship with had done something terrible. The police rushed to Henri's home with a warrant for Landru's arrest. As the police scoured Henri's home for evidence, they uncovered a gruesome story that continues to haunt France...

When a woman responded to Henri's ad, he would initiate a courtship that ended in murder. Once the woman trusted him, Henri would invite her to stay in his home. After effectively stealing their life's savings, Henri would kill the woman, dismember her body and burn her remains. Nearly three hundred bone fragments and human teeth were found on Henri's property, primarily near his kitchen oven.

Henri never confessed to the crime so it remains unknown what was the initial cause of death.

At his trial, Henri was convicted for brutally murdering eleven innocent people. He was sentenced to death by the guillotine in Versailles. His severed head was preserved and wasn't buried with his body.

Today, those who wish to stare into the face of a true monster can see Henri Landru's real head in the Museum of Death in Hollywood. However, for most people, a visit to the home where Landru committed his crimes is often terrifying enough...

Chapter 7:

The Cursed House of Venice

In the 1470s, Giovanni Dario was one of the most powerful men in Venice. He worked for the Venetian government and few people were surprised when Giovanni bought and renovated a large home on the Grand Canal. There are no clear records on when the home was constructed, what was there before, or when Giovanni finally moved in.

For the entire time Giovanni lived in Ca' Dario, the house was just like any other house. There was nothing particularly significant or out of the ordinary about it, aside from the fact that it was exceptionally beautiful. The true strange nature of the house didn't begin until Giovanni passed away and his daughter, Marietta inherited the home.

At the time, Marietta was a grown woman with her own family. She and her husband, Vincenzo, moved into the home with their children. In the beginning, things seemed okay. Marietta and Vincenzo easily adapted to life in the beautiful home and their children loved all the extra space they now had.

The records on what exactly went wrong are unclear but at some point, in their stay in Ca' Dario, Vincenzo faced financial ruin. The extravagant lifestyle the family had been used to leading was suddenly no longer feasible and Vincenzo was ashamed to have failed to provide for his family. For reasons unknown, Vincenzo was brutally stabbed to death.

The shock of her husband's death shocked Marietta. She struggled to cope with the loss of Vincenzo and ended up drowning herself in the Grand Canal. Not long after the death of his parents, one of Marietta and Vincenzo's children was targeted and killed by hired assassins.

Three tragic deaths in such a short time span is often more than

enough to make a home a hotspot for paranormal activity. However, the curse of Ca' Dario was only beginning...

The locals began to worry. It was unusual for an aristocratic family to be struck with so many deaths all at once. They began to wonder if what wiped out the family wasn't entirely of this world. The site where the house was constructed was rumored to be an old Templar graveyard. A theory developed that the spirits of the Templars were angry that their gravesite had been desecrated and were taking revenge.

The rumors that the house was cursed persisted for nearly two centuries. No one would buy the home and no one wanted to move in. It sat empty until one of Vincenzo's distant relatives decided to try to sell the home in the 19th century.

A wealthy man who owned a diamond business named Arbit Abdoll bought the Ca' Dario. Shortly after moving into the home, Abdoll was completely broke and died destitute. He was forced to sell his final asset, Ca' Dario, to a scientist. The next owner didn't fare much better...

Rawdon Brown bought the Ca' Dario in the 1800s. Like Arbit Abdoll, Brown had intense financial trouble while living in Ca' Dario and was forced to sell it. There are rumors that Brown spent the rest of his life homeless.

The house sat empty until an American millionaire named Charles Briggs bought the Ca' Dario. Briggs had every intention of restoring the home to its former glory and while he lived there he did everything he could to renovate the home.

Briggs did not live in Ca' Dario alone. Another man lived with him. At first, the Venetians were wary of the eccentric American and his friend but they wished him no ill will. However, as time went on, it became apparent that Briggs and the man he lived with were more than just friends. The two were lovers which was illegal at that time in Venice.

Briggs was forced to leave Ca' Dario and Venice and fled to Mexico with his lover. The relationship was never able to recover from the time

spent in Ca' Dario and Briggs's lover killed himself shortly thereafter...

After Charles Briggs, the next owner of the house was a famous Italian singer named Mario Del Monaco. Mario had established himself as one of the great operatic singers of his time and to celebrate his many successes, he decided to buy himself Venice's most beautiful home.

Before buying it, Mario had toured the home and even though he was familiar with the local legend about the house being cursed, he didn't put too much stock in the stories. He believed that the misfortunes of the previous owners were merely coincidental and had nothing to do with real estate.

When the day he was to sign the papers and finally claim ownership of Ca' Dario finally came, Mario was overjoyed. He excitedly drove his car to the office where he was to officially make the Ca' Dario his own. Suddenly, the unthinkable happened. Mario Del Monaco was involved in an extremely serious car accident that would break all his ribs and force him to receive kidney dialysis for the rest of his life.

After spending close to a year in the hospital and returning to the public eye, many people claimed that the accident had a terrible impact on his voice. His career would never reach the soaring heights it did before the accident. Needless to say, Mario Del Monaco backed out of the deal to buy Ca' Dario.

When Del Monaco backed out of buying the house, Ca' Dario was once again empty. It wasn't until the 1970s that Count Filippo Giordano became the house's next victim. During his short time in Ca' Dario, Count Giordano was brutally murdered by a man believed to be his lover. His killer eventually escaped to London where he too was killed.

Right after Giordano's death, the house was back on the market. This time it was bought by Christopher Lambert, the manager for the famous British rock band The Who. While living in Ca' Dario, Lambert became increasingly dependent on hard drugs. His addiction ended up souring his relationship with The Who until he was arrested for possessing illicit substances.

Lambert sold Ca' Dario to Fabrizio Ferrari who, after moving in, lost a lot of his large fortune and 'accidentally' hit his sister with a car. Following Ferrari, the home was purchased by Raul Gardini, an Italian billionaire who ended up killing himself within Ca' Dario's walls. Gardini would be the last person to formally own and live in the building.

In recent years, there have been a few prospective buyers. Most notably, the American director, Woody Allen was considering buying the home before he eventually backed out. Today, Ca' Dario remains empty and abandoned as it patiently waits for its next victim...

Chapter 8:

St. Paul's Most Haunted House

Dr. Delmar Kolb had recently been offered a job at a small arts school in St. Paul, Minnesota. It wasn't the most prestigious of schools but the salary was good and they offered him an apartment in the building's basement. As a starving artist, it was an offer that was impossible to refuse.

The building where Dr. Kolb was to work and live, known locally as Griggs Mansion, was most frequently described as 'cavernous'. Originally a private home with twenty-four rooms, the architect had made the ceilings exceptionally high. This gave the impression that Dr. Kolb was entering a place of reverence and gave no indication of domestic comfort.

Though the building slightly intimidated him, Dr. Kolb was eager to get started. A fellow staff member gave him the grand tour which ended in his small subterranean living quarters. Before taking the job, Dr. Kolb was told that he would not be living alone in the basement.

The space beneath the school was so large that it had been divided into a few apartments that were occupied by students. The idea of being surrounded by college students didn't particularly thrill Dr. Kolb but he had to admit that he was relieved that he wouldn't be the only person underground.

Dr. Kolb quickly settled in and adapted to life in the school. He was generally well liked amongst the students and even had a little bit of time to work on his own pieces. It seemed to Dr. Kolb that everything had turned out better than he expected. Little did he know that nightmares lurked in the basement's shadows...

One evening, after a particularly strenuous day, Dr. Kolb began his nightly routine. He undressed, put on his pajamas, brushed his teeth, and made sure that an alarm was set for the next morning. Almost as soon as his body touched the thin mattress the school had given him, he was sound asleep.

Suddenly, Dr. Kolb jolted awake, his body was covered in sweat. What felt like frigid fingertips, had grazed his forehead and he frantically looked around his room while he tried to steady his breathing. Unable to make out anything in the all-consuming darkness, Dr. Kolb ran to the light switch and turned on the overhead light. He was totally alone.

Dr. Kolb warily walked back to his bed. He could feel his hands shaking but was powerless to stop them. As he laid back down and closed his eyes, sleep eluded him. He tossed and turned all night and had never been so grateful to hear the shriek of his alarm clock.

In the light of morning, it was much easier for Dr. Kolb to rationalize what had happened the night before. ‘Perhaps it was just an exceptionally vivid dream.’ he told himself. But something inside knew that that wasn’t the real answer...

The next couple of days passed by rather uneventfully, aside from the fact that Dr. Kolb continued to lose sleep and spent the day in a zombie like trance. Eventually, the tiredness got the best of Dr. Kolb and two nights after the incident he felt himself fall into a deep, blissful sleep. These few moments of tranquility were short lived.

Once more, Dr. Kolb found himself inexplicably awake in what he guessed was the middle of the night. He sat up and blinked a couple times, hoping that his eyes would adjust. What Dr. Kolb saw that night would haunt him for the rest of his life...

At the foot of his bed stood an exceptionally tall man in a well-tailored suit. “Get out! Leave or I’ll call the cops!” Dr. Kolb yelled at the man, assuming he was an intruder. The man simply fixed his cold, dead eyes on Dr. Kolb before turning around and disappearing through a brick wall.

This wouldn't be the last time that an occupant of Griggs Mansion would encounter the strange man in the suit. After the art school closed, the building became a private home once more.

A man named Mr. Wenschke bought the house in the early 1960s with the intention of using the large space for both a home and an office. In an ironic twist, Mr. Wenschke was an established author of books about the occult. A few years after moving in, Mr. Wenschke's professional work would invade his private life in a truly terrifying way.

When he was doing research for a book, Mr. Wenschke often spent hours in the home's library. Here, he surrounded himself with hundreds of books and became oblivious to the outside world.

During one particularly long session in the library, Mr. Wenschke suddenly realized that he was getting rather tired and should take a break. He gathered his notes and organized the books on his desk. As he began to stand up and looked to the doorway, his blood suddenly ran cold...

A thin man wearing a suit was staring directly at him. Before he had a chance to utter a sound, the man simply vanished into thin air...

The Griggs Mansion passed through numerous owners, none of them staying for more than a couple of years. The large number of people who had stayed in the house makes it nearly impossible to know who the man in the suit is. Is he a former owner? Or perhaps he was just a guest who ended up overstaying his welcome. We will likely never know.

As spooky as a well-dressed ghost is, the man in the suit isn't the only spirit to haunt Griggs Mansion's halls. With six different spirits, Griggs Mansion is frequently thought of as the most haunted home in the city of St. Paul. It is believed that a former gardener who was obsessed with keeping the property in absolute perfect condition can be seen in the library, rummaging through countless books on various plants.

There is also the spirit of a maid who committed suicide on the building's fourth floor. The young woman was in a relationship that she thought was going to last forever. She believed with every fiber of her

being that she had found her soul mate. Unfortunately, this story doesn't end with a wedding and a happily ever after.

The young man left the maid and broke her heart. She was devastated. The pain she felt drove her to climb to the fourth-floor landing and hang herself from the high ceiling. To this day, visitors to the home have felt intense anxiety and depression whenever they cross the fourth-floor landing. Oddly enough, this feeling almost immediately disappears as soon as one continues down the stairwell.

The building today is a private home and the owners aren't particularly welcoming to visitors interested in the home's spirits. Even though few people had entered the mansion in recent years, locals tend to steer clear of the mansion after dark and pray that whoever or whatever is haunting Griggs Mansion stays trapped within its cavernous halls...

Chapter 9:

America's Ancient Ghosts

It was easily one of the most beautiful rooms in the mansion. The entire home was truly magnificent but it was the ballroom that took people's breath away. The young tour guide had gotten a summer job showing people around Belcourt Castle. She loved being surrounded by so many beautiful, old things all day long. There was so much history in the castle that made its way across the Atlantic and to this home in Newport, Rhode Island.

As she led a group through the grand entrance, she could hear people gasp in disbelief. She walked forward and paused where she always did, next to a genuine suit of armor, to address the group.

"This is the ballroom," she said. "Part of what makes this home so unique is that nearly every room is based on a different European style of design. This specific room was inspired by and designed in the style of French Gothic."

She paused a moment and let the group soak in all the ballroom's glory. The vaulted ceilings and large stained glass windows was reminiscent of an ancient cathedral. She'd always found it a bit odd that the room meant for revelry closely resembled a place of worship. "In this room, the original owner, Oliver Belmont would host extravagant parties when he stayed here in the summertime."

As she had been talking, the group had begun to fan out across the room. They were all enthralled by the intricate attention to detail and the Old-World artifacts that lined the walls. She decided to let the guests investigate the room for themselves and come to her if they had any questions.

Suddenly, a male voice hissed in her ear, “Get out.” The girl jumped. She looked around but none of the guests were near her. ‘It must have been my imagination.’ she told herself. She’d heard rumors that Belcourt Castle was haunted but she’d never really believed them. She assumed the stories of fifteenth century ghosts was just a way to entice people to visit the castle.

The girl shook her head and decided to move around and check if anybody had any questions. As she began to walk across the room, the voice returned, “Get out.” it commanded. Repeatedly, the voice demanded that the girl “get out.” There was no denying the voice now. Panic flooded her body as she feared something terrible was happening.

“Alright everyone,” the girl said, “time to move on.” The young guide quickly finished the rest of her tour. As soon as she delivered her closing remarks, the girl hurried out of the castle, wanting to put as much distance between herself and the disembodied voice in the ballroom as possible. That was the last time the girl would ever set foot in Belcourt Castle...

Newport, Rhode Island is the summertime playground of America’s elite. Huge, expansive mansions cover the coastline, each one bigger and more extravagant than the last.

However, there is one mansion that stands out more than the rest. It is unique not in its size, though it is exceptionally large and had sixty rooms at the time of construction. What makes the Belcourt Castle far more fascinating than any other home in Newport is that it holds spirits from all over the world.

Though the history of the house itself is relatively short, the building has held countless ancient artifacts. These artifacts were displayed by the home’s numerous owners and many people believe that the spirits of Belcourt Castle aren’t former owners or people who experienced a great tragedy on the grounds, but spirits that were attached to the artifacts the various owners bought and collected.

Many of these artifacts were brought in by the Tinney family. The

Tinneys bought Belcourt Castle at a relatively small price as the home had been left abandoned for quite some time. The facade had started to decay and no one had taken the time to take care of the house.

The Tinneys decided to turn Belcourt Castle into their family project. They moved their family in and began a lifelong journey of repairing Belcourt Castle and returning it to its former glory.

On top of being well versed in restoring old homes, the Tinneys were avid collectors of European artifacts. When the original owner, Oliver Belmont, commissioned the house, he filled it with various treasures he had acquired from all over the world. Though many of these artifacts were eventually moved out of the home when Belcourt was sold outside of the Belmont family, the practice of collecting historic artifacts in Belcourt carried on.

Out of the Tinneys entire collection, there are two that are the source of significant paranormal activity. The first is the suit of armor in the ballroom. This suit was designed in the sixteenth century and was worn by an Italian knight.

When the Tinneys started becoming suspicious that they weren't the only ones staying in Belcourt Castle, they asked a medium to visit the home and try to contact any spirits that may be present. The Italian knight was one of the first spirits to come forward...

The Tinney family was familiar with the knight's activity. His screams could often be heard echoing across the cavernous ballroom and whenever tours passed in front of his armor, his helmet would often turn of its own accord. However, until the medium arrived, the Tinneys had no idea who the knight was and why he was trapped in this world.

Through the medium, the Tinneys were able to learn the knight's story...

The knight had been traveling with other knights as they prepared for battle. Suddenly, enemy forces caught the knights unaware. They were ambushed. The knight had no time to defend himself and was mortally

wounded. He called out to his compatriots and begged them to bring him back to safety. The knights ignored his cries for help and left him completely alone to die a painful death.

The second spirit that the medium was able to contact was a German monk. Throughout their years collecting artifacts, a wooden carving of a monk had come into the Tinneys possession. Initially, the Tinneys displayed the statue in their bedroom. That quickly changed when Harle and Donald Tinney were mysteriously awoken in the middle of the night...

Harle and Donald were sleeping peacefully in their bed. Donald had grown up in Belcourt Castle and Harle was a tour guide when Donald's parents ran the place so they were both familiar with the grand old house. They were no longer startled or frightened by the odd creaks and groans that echoed through the long halls in the middle of the night.

However, one evening something was amiss. Harle and Donald jolted awake when they felt someone else was in their room with them...

They fumbled in the darkness to turn on the lights and make sure that everything was okay. Suddenly, Harle's blood ran cold. At the foot of their bed was a man wearing an old brown robe with a hood. Terrified that someone had broken into their home and was playing a cruel trick on them, the Tinneys hurriedly turned on the lights. The man was gone.

It was in the morning that the Tinneys realized that the man they had seen at the end of their bed looked remarkably like the monk in their wooden carving. After that, the carving was moved next to the first-floor restroom. At the time the medium came, a full body apparition of the monk was often spotted drifting between his carving and the great hall.

The medium could quickly contact the monk who asked him who was he was looking for. The monk responded that he wished to be moved to the home's chapel. The Tinneys were more than happy to oblige and the carving was displayed in the chapel. Today, the spooky figure of the German monk is often seen preparing for mass in the chapel.

Aside from the knight and the monk, Belcourt Castle is also home to a British soldier, a samurai warrior, and a medieval French king and queen who push anyone who tries to sit in their chairs.

The Tinneys have since moved out of the castle and it is once again vacant. However, Belcourt Castle is never completely empty...

Chapter 10:

Red Mary's Bloodlust

The first thing people noticed about Mary McMahon was her blood red hair. Its vibrant color made it nearly impossible for Mary to go anywhere unnoticed. It seemed to emit its own small source of light against the gray backdrop of Ireland's ever cloudy sky.

As the owner of such remarkable hair, Mary exuded a sense of power. She was tough as nails and never let anyone get in the way of what she wanted.

Very little is known about her first husband, Daniel. The two didn't have much time together as man and wife as Daniel died early on in their marriage. Upon his death, Daniel left his large fortune to his wife. Mary used this money to attract another husband, Conor O'Brien whose family owned the infamous Leamaneh Castle.

Mary and Conor poured most of Mary's money into the castle. They extended it considerably and made it one of the grandest homes in the county.

As Oliver Cromwell overthrew the British monarchy, Conor left to fight against Cromwell's army. Conor's family were well known friends to the crown. In fact, the castle had initially been a gift from one of England's kings to the O'Brien family. This made Conor a major target when Cromwell's forces invaded Ireland.

According to legend, one of Cromwell's top generals was the mastermind behind the scheme to take out Conor O'Brien. The general personally chose five of his most capable soldiers and tasked them with killing Conor. The soldiers were given disguises so that Conor wouldn't be able to properly defend himself when they attacked.

Conor had been making his way from Leamaneh to join the fight when the soldiers struck. Caught completely off guard, Conor was easily disarmed while one of the soldiers plunged his sword in Conor's side. As Conor collapsed on the cold, hard earth, the soldiers galloped back to their camp to alert the general that Conor O'Brien had been killed.

The few servants Conor had brought with him to help transport his things, instantly ran to their master's side. His blood ran heavy and thick. It turned the earth black. One of the servants made a makeshift bandage to try to stop the bleeding.

Conor struggled to speak but could summon up enough energy to lift his arm and point in the direction of Leamaneh Castle.

The servants carefully mounted Conor on a horse and returned to the castle as quickly as they could. As the great stone structure rose in the distance, the servants started to shout as loud as they could, hoping to get Mary's attention. Sure enough, the loud cries of terror brought Mary to a window in the castle's tallest tower.

"He's been struck, ma'am!" one of the servants yelled. "Your husband needs your help!"

Mary stared down at the earth far below her. A crisp breeze whipped across the treetops and tousled her red hair. From the ground, it looked as though her entire head was covered in dancing flames. She gripped the thick stone walls and let the chill seep through to her bones.

"Ma'am!" the servant called again, "What should we do?"

All at once Mary understood what was happening. Her second husband was on the brink of death and when he passed, the government would force her out of her home. There was nothing she could do for Conor now. His death was simply a matter of time. Mary cleared her throat and her voice rang out across the men waiting below. "What do I want with dead men here?" she cried.

Mary didn't wait to see how the servants reacted. She immediately turned from the window and raced to her bedchamber. She pulled out the

most beautiful dress she owned and called for a horse to be prepared for her. As soon as she was ready, Mary raced as fast as she could to the nearest village Limerick.

In her extravagant dress, riding atop a handsome stallion, and with her red hair flowing in the wind behind her, Mary attracted quite a bit of attention. Once she reached Limerick, she went to the camp where Cromwell's soldiers were staying. If she wanted to keep her home she would have to marry the enemy who, for the time being, had conquered her country.

Mary confidently strode into a room filled with soldiers. Without saying a word, the entire room went silent. Every man turned toward Mary, hoping to meet the formidable woman's gaze. Mary surveyed the scene before her and once she was content that she had everyone's attention, she proclaimed that she would marry any of Cromwell's officers.

The men were stunned into silence. Nobody dared to move. Suddenly, a man named Captain Cooper stepped forward and offered himself up as her future husband. Mary wasn't particularly concerned with who the man was, if his presence insured her possession of Leamaneh Castle.

The two were wed as soon as they found someone to officiate the wedding. Mary brought Captain Cooper to Leamaneh Castle where he roamed the halls that Conor had walked just days before.

For the first couple of days, Mary and Captain Cooper were cordial to each other. She made her disinterest towards him apparent but he wasn't too bothered as he was content to be living in a castle and to never have to worry about money again.

Mary didn't go out of her way to avoid Captain Cooper, it was her home after all and she would go and do as she pleased, but she certainly didn't seek him out. Despite their infrequent interactions over their cursory union, this was not a peaceful marriage. Captain Cooper quickly grew tired of his new bride's coldness towards him and decided to

confront her.

The two of them were alone in the tower, something that rarely happened in the few days of their marriage. Mary ignored Captain Cooper the first time he called out to her. He gradually came closer until he was right behind her. The sound of his voice made her jump.

“Mary, I think we should talk.” he said.

Mary sighed and gave a noncommittal nod that meant she would listen to whatever he had to say but she shouldn’t be relied on to give a reply. “When are you going to get over your husband?” Captain Cooper asked.

“He couldn’t keep you safe, but I can. He’s dead and buried six feet under but even if he had lived, the two of you would’ve been ruined. He must’ve been quite the coward to go on supporting the crown even after Cromwell took over.”

Mary’s eyes locked with Captain Cooper’s. Something in her gaze told him that he had gone too far. His back was to the window and the fall would end in certain death. Suddenly she charged at Captain Cooper. Shocked at his wife’s outburst and physical strength, he was powerless to defend himself. Mary didn’t stop pushing Captain Cooper until he’d tumbled out the window...

Captain Cooper was the first of over twenty husbands Mary McMahon murdered. It is believed that for most of her adult life, Mary would marry a man for just over a year, at which point she would murder them. Eventually, Mary’s enemies caught up with her and after she killed her twenty fifth husband, they captured her. They dragged Mary to a hollowed-out tree on her land. Two strong men shoved her in the tree trunk and sealed her inside where she ended up starving to death.

Though the castle is now in ruins, people have claimed to have seen Mary McMahon wandering amongst the crumbling stone. Some believe that she is looking for another husband while others claim she is seeking revenge against the men who imprisoned her and submitted her to a truly

gruesome fate.

Though her motives are unclear, you'll know you're in the presence of the dark spirit of Mary McMahon when you see her blood red hair...

Conclusion

These stories represent a broad collection of the world's haunted houses, but there is so much more to each of these houses that wouldn't fit in these pages. The history of hauntings and the accounts of eyewitness encounters are endless.

This book is far from all inclusive. There are haunted houses all over the world. There just might be one near you.

If you ever find yourself in the neighborhood of one of them, be sure to visit. Only in bright daylight of course. Who knows, maybe one day your encounter will terrify people for generations to come...

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